

THE PORTAGE SENTINEL

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THE PORTAGE SENTINEL

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KEEP IN STEP.

"THOSE WHO WALK TOGETHER MUST KEEP IN STEP."

Aye! the world keeps moving forward

Like an army marching by!

Hand you not that heavy footfall

That resounds to the sky?

Some bold spirits beat the banner—

Some of sweetest chant the song—

Idea of energy and fervor

Makes the timid-hearted strong!

Like brave soldiers we march forward!

If you follow or turn back,

You must look to get a jostling

While you stand upon the track.

Keep in step!

My good neighbor, Master Standstill,

Gazes on it as it goes;

Not quite sure but he is dreaming

In his afternoon's repose!

"Nothing good," he says, "can issue

From the endles moving on;

And best to stand still—

Are doings or are gone?

We are rushing on to ruin

With our mad, new fangled ways."

While he speaks, a thousand voices

As the heart of one man say—

Keep in step!

Gentle neighbor, will you join us,

Or return to "good old ways?"

Take again the life-long apron

Or old Adam's ancient dress?

Or bustle a lady's ribbon—

Beard the lion in his lair,

And lie down to slumber

Wrapped in skin of saffron bear?

Rear the wild and forest,

Shim the way to light canoe?

Al! I ask you do not like it.

Then, "if those old ways" won't do,

Keep in step!

Our detachment of our army

May encamp upon the hill,

While others in the valley

May enjoy its own sweet will;

This may answer to one watch-word,

That may echo to another:

Be in unison and concord

Try to discern that each is brother!

Exert to break their marching onward

In a good, new, peaceful way;

You'll be justified if you hinder,

So do not offer to let or stay—

Keep in step!

TERMS, CASH:

Experiences of Mr. Philip Markham.

BY MRS. S. P. DOUGHTY.

"Terms, cash," repeated Philip Markham, in a half-contemptuous tone, as he read the above words placed in a conspicuous position in a new grocery store recently opened in the flourishing town of which he was a resident—terms cash, that will not bring them many customers, I reckon, that is, if they are all my way of thinking—I am too fond of having the present use of my own money. But, I suppose, that notice is only meant as a bug-bear to frighten away a certain class of purchasers; no doubt they would be glad to let me have goods to any amount on six months credit.

"I think not," replied the friend to whom these remarks were addressed. "I am well acquainted with the partners in the concern, and I know them to be strongly opposed to the credit system. They are determined to do a cash business."

"It will not succeed," was the confident reply. "They are attempting an impossibility. Opposed to the credit system! Why, my good friend, let them destroy that, and they strike the death blow to the best interests of society. All the brilliant speculation of these modern times would be at an end. Our merchants would no longer be a set of enterprising and energetic men, but would dwindle into petty and insignificant tradesmen, counting their pennies and half-pennies with scrupulous care, and well satisfied with the sixpenny profits of the day."

"Your picture is overdrawn, Markham. You take but a one-sided view of matters and things. I will not deny that in the present state of the world there are great advantages resulting from the credit system, and I, as well as others, avail myself of them; but nevertheless, my eyes are opened to the numberless evils which are also the result of this mode of doing business. You will deny that warfare and contention, hard times and its long train of attendant woes, would in a great measure be obviated, were all men to adhere strictly to those two little words which have given rise to your displeasure."

"I am not sure of that," replied Markham. "Some classes of society might fare better, but others would have cause to regret the change. There are the lawyers, for instance, you would take the very bread from their mouths."

"They must seek some other way of earning their daily bread, then. The fact that their services are now so constantly required, is not a very strong argument in favor of their position."

"We will not dispute the matter," was the somewhat impatient reply. "Neither you nor I shall live to see the credit system abandoned and we may as well, therefore, use it to our own advantage. To my mind, it is as absurd for a man to post up that sign in his newly-opened store, as it would be for the landlord of a hotel to appropriate one room to the accommodation of passengers for balloons. It is altogether in advance of the age. The time has not yet come."

"Small beginnings, Markham, are said to make great endings. In every change some one must lead the way. But, as you say, we will not dispute on the subject. Indeed I am not myself prepared to suggest a remedy for the existing evils which I feel are the inevitable result of the present way of doing business, but my own experience has taught me that the old saying, 'Out of debt, out of danger,' is no less true now than formerly, and on a small scale, I am resolved to act up to it."

"And my experience has taught me to keep my money in my own hands as long as possible," was the reply. "The longer the credit given, the better for my interests. The ten dollar bill which I owe to-day, may, if retained a few months, become a hundred, and then while my creditor is equally well satisfied, my own pocket is vastly benefited."

"But if the ten dollar bill should escape from your grasp, where would you be then?" was the laughing rejoinder, as the friends parted for the morning.

"Where should he indeed?" repeated Markham to himself, as he proceeded towards his place of business. "There is some truth in that last remark. The fact is, my affairs are in rather a peculiar position at this time. If my expectations are realized, this will be a profitable year for me, but if I should be disappointed, it will be hard to meet my engagements. I must husband my resources with the greatest care, until the result of my speculations is known."

At the door of his office an unwelcome face presented itself. A laboring man, who had for some months been employed by him as porter and in various other capacities, was awaiting his arrival, with a meaning expression in his face, which was but too well understood.

"Good morning to your honor. I am after waiting for ye an hour or more. Will it be convenient to settle our little account, if ye please?"

"Money is as tight as a drum, my good fellow. It will be impossible for me to let you have anything to-day. I don't give you an order on my grocer some few days ago! Surely that is sufficient for the present."

"But it is the ready money that is wanting, yer honor. Credit is but a poor thing for poor folks; for we have to pay more for every article we buy than if the cash was in our hand! A dollar to-day is worth more than two dollars some months hence."

"The fellow is in the right," thought the employer, "and for that very reason I must keep the dollar. The money due him is in my pocket, to be sure but there are more advantageous ways of using it, than to pay him the moment he demands it. Call again next week, Patrick," he continued, "and I will see what I can do for you."

"It is always call again," muttered the disappointed man as he took leave. "In truth, an I wish that the rich could be changed places with the poor for the space of a day. Would it not taste them that every man is in need of his own?"

Another unwelcome intruder appeared as the merchant entered his office, in the shape of a cabinet-maker, of whom, some weeks before he had purchased furniture to a considerable amount.

"Good morning, Mr. Markham," was his salutation. "Very fine day, sir."

"Delightful, Mr. Rogers. How are you prospering? Furniture in as great demand as ever, I presume?"

"Well, as to that, business is pretty brisk, but money is short. I called to see if we could have a settlement this morning."

"A settlement, my good sir? I thought that all was settled between us. I purchased furniture of you to the amount of two hundred dollars payable in six months."

"Nothing was said as to the time of payment, sir. I make it a rule never to give more than three months credit, and in the present state of my affairs, it would be a great convenience to me to have, at least, a part of the amount due at this time."

"Impossible, Mr. Rogers. It is hardly six weeks since I made the purchase. You must, at least, allow me the three months. Money is tight all around just now."

"You would really oblige me exceedingly by letting me have fifty dollars," urged the cabinet-maker, with some earnestness.

"It is out of my power," was the reply. "I would gladly oblige you if possible."

Strange that the merchant's conscience did not smite him as the unsuccessful applicant withdrew, and he smilingly turned to greet another more welcome visitor who entered that moment.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Leslie. Take a seat, sir. How do the land speculations prosper? Any prospect of a rise?"

"Everything looks favorable. But our chance of realizing a handsome sum would be greater if we extended our speculation a little. The lots adjoining ours are offered at a low rate. In my opinion we had better secure them at once."

"I am much of your mind. Is ready money wanted?"

"Nothing less will suffice. Two hundred and fifty for your share."

"No more! Let us purchase by all means. It is a bargain. I will give you the cash immediately, if it is desirable."

"If you please. There is no time to lose."

Mr. Markham drew forth his pocket-book, and deliberately counted out bills to the amount specified.

"Lucky for me that I did not let this money slip through my fingers this morning, or I might have found it difficult to raise the sum needed. I had a presentiment that it might be wanted," he remarked, as, without one remorseful feeling, he handed the amount due to poor Patrick and the cabinet-maker, to his brother speculator, and, with a rejoicing heart, saw him depart on his mission.

"Prospects brighten," he said to himself, as, with a satisfied air, he turned to the business of the day. "Courage, Philip Markham; you may yet rank with the millionaires of this great city."

In the course of the morning, another speculator called in with a project for sending out certain desirable articles to California.

"The investment of capital will be small," he urged, in reply to some doubts suggested by Markham, and the realization of enormous profits almost certain. Why, for the one hundred dollars, which is all I ask you to venture, you will surely receive one thousand at the most moderate calculation."

"True enough, Mason," was the reply; "but the fact is, there are certain ugly little debts due just now, and it is rather difficult to raise the money."

"Pshaw! Let the debts wait for the present. People must not expect us to cash up these days. Money is too useful. Come, count out your two hundred dollars, and my word for it, you will have no cause for regret that you have joined in the enterprise."

Thus urged, Markham yielded, though with a somewhat uncomfortable recollection that he had promised his wife that amount to discharge certain family bills which had been long due, and that he should now be obliged to disappoint her.

It was the knowledge of this, perhaps, which clouded his brow, as he took his seat at the table on his return to dinner, and his manner was more abstracted than usual as he listened to the remarks of his wife and the playful prattle of his children.

It was not until he again prepared to leave the house that his wife reminded him of the promise.

"Did you bring the money for nurse and Bridget?" she asked.

"I did not, Alice. It is quite impossible for me to pay them just now without great inconvenience. Cannot they wait a little! They have comfortable homes, and if they need clothing, I will give them said order on Marshall and Clark, where we purchase dry goods for our own use."

"I thought I explained to you, Philip, that this would not answer. Bridget has an aged mother to support, and needs her money, which has too long been due; and as for nurse, I am exceedingly dissatisfied with her habits, and am anxious to get rid of her soon as possible. I have every reason to believe that she is decidedly intemperate, and I am not willing to trust the children to her care."

"Then she has not asked for her money?"

"She has not, but I am very desirous to give it to her. Of course I cannot dismiss her until she is paid."

"Keep her a little longer, then, Alice. It would be very inconvenient to pay her just at this time. You can keep a strict watch over her movements. And as for Bridget, try to put her off with five or ten dollars for the present."

Mrs. Markham sighed deeply. Her husband had promised faithfully that the money should be in readiness for her, and her disappointment was extreme.

"How comes it, Philip," she said, in a somewhat reproachful tone, "that now we are getting rich, as you say, it is more difficult to pay our just debts than it was formerly, when we had barely enough money to supply our wants?"

"For a very simple reason, Alice. As my capital increases my business becomes more extended, and I need every cent that I can raise. If I paid every trifling debt at the moment that it was due, all my speculations would be at an end."

"But is it right to speculate with borrowed money?" queried the wife, half doubtfully.

"Borrowed money, Alice! I have borrowed from no one."

"No, not exactly borrowed," was the smiling reply, "for you appropriate without leave. I mean, is it quite right to speculate with money which you owe to others?"

"Women know nothing of business," remarked Markham, in a very conclusive manner. "You had better rest satisfied with the result of my speculations, Alice, and not trouble yourself about the means. But I must hasten to my office. I will pay them before many weeks."

"Many weeks?" repeated Mrs. Markham, as he closed the door. "Poor Bridget will be so sadly disappointed. And my dear little Willie, must be still exposed to improper treatment from her entirely, but that would excite her anger, and she would demand her wages at once. In what complete thralldom am I held by this continual want of ready money! This very morning I lost an excellent opportunity of purchasing the dry goods which we shall need for winter at an exceedingly low rate, and of excellent quality, merely because I am obliged to buy at one shop where long credit is given. I wish Philip would make a rule to pay cash for everything."

This soliloquy would undoubtedly have aroused Mr. Markham's indignation could he have heard it, but he was now for on his way to the office, with his mind filled with dim visions of brilliant results to certain land speculations; and all thoughts of unpaid debts had vanished from his memory.

The disagreeable subject was too speedily recalled, however, by a bow of recognition from a gentleman passing, and a hand laid on his arm as if to arrest his progress.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Markham. I called at your office, but found you missing. I came into town to settle accounts with you to-day."

"The time is not up, surely," was the somewhat startled reply.

"Exactly; as you will find by consulting your books. I am much in need of the money."

"And I have none to give you, Mr. Aiken. You will have to oblige me by extending the note. Give me another three months' credit."

"Impossible, Mr. Markham. I have a particular call for ready money at this time, and have depended upon you."

Further arguments were used, and the creditor at length yielded. Markham was a valuable customer, and he did not wish to lose him, and he therefore submitted, though with an ill-grace, to the proposed extension of credit.

"It seems as if every one was thinking of me and my purse," ejaculated Mr. Markham, in an

irritated manner, as he entered his office and found two bills to a considerable amount placed in a conspicuous position on the desk. "This continual dunning is excessively annoying," he continued. "I really wish there were no such thing as debts in the world."

But alas! there was but one remedy, and this our friend Markham was not disposed to adopt. Three months passed away, and the aspect of affairs was still more unfavorable. Some of the most important of his creditors had indeed had their claims satisfied, but numerous others had arisen who were not to be easily put off; and the result of land and California speculations still looked like a dim shadow in the distance. The constant demand for ready money was perplexing in the extreme, and Markham's natural good temper had given place to a place to a nervous irritability very detrimental to domestic peace and happiness. It certainly was very annoying not to be able to turn a corner without encountering some obsequious-looking tradesman, the very glance of whose eye seemed to show that he was measuring the depth of your purse, and meditating an attack upon its contents.

"I have absolutely become afraid of my own shadow," muttered Markham, as the creaking of his new boots caused him to start and look hastily over his shoulder, half expecting to see the face of some well-known creditor. "I half promised to pay that stupid tailor to-day, but the money would be very convenient just at present, so I think he may wait a few weeks longer. He deserves it for giving such a miserable fit in my last coat. I would have given him a piece of my mind, if there had not been so long an account between us. That is slavery, as my wife would say, but if it is, all men are slaves."

His train of thought was interrupted by the sudden appearance of Bridget, who was still in their employ in the capacity of cook and maid of all work.

She had never before been seen at his place of business, and as she stood at the door, pale and breathless, Markham's very blood seemed frozen with alarm, and his tongue refused to perform its office when he attempted to ask her errand.

"Will you please to come home directly, sir—The mistress has sent me for you in haste—Nurse has let little Willie fall from the window, and we fear he is killed entirely."

The father stopped not to question the messenger, but seizing his hat, traversed the street with hasty steps, and was soon bending anxiously over his darling boy, who lay motionless in the arms of his distracted mother.

"My Willie, my sweet pet!" she almost shrieked, as she pressed her lips again and again to his cold forehead. "Will you not speak one word to your mother?"

"He is not dead, Alice. He cannot be dead, surely!" groaned Markham, as the little hand which he had clasped in his dropped powerless from his grasp.

"God forgive me for leaving him!" replied his wife, mournfully. "For months I have hardly trusted him from my sight, but nurse has done better for a week past, and I thought I might venture out for a few hours. There were duties to attend to, which seemed important."

"Was she—was she?" gasped Markham.

"Intoxicated! Yes, to such an extent that she does not now realize what has happened. O, my boy, how could I leave you with such a wretch!" and again in agony the mother clasped that lifeless form to her heart.

The entrance of a physician prevented further conversation; but the words still rung in his ears. Intoxicated! Had he not been warned of this! Months before had his wife told him of the increasing habit, of her constant fear of accident, and had begged for the money due to the nurse that she might at once dismiss her from their service. Time and again had the necessary sum been in his possession, but as often had it seemed more profitable to devote it to some other purpose. And this was the result. Almost paralyzed with horror, he turned to the medical adviser, who was closely examining the child.

The question which was looked, but not uttered, received a soothing and hopeful reply.

"There is yet life, and I trust no serious injury is sustained. Compose yourselves, my friends. In cases of this kind, there should be as little excitement as possible."

Suitable remedies produced returning animation, but a more careful examination showed that the boy had not escaped unharmed. His right arm was badly broken, and several severe bruises had been received on various parts of his person.

Expressions of thankfulness were mingled with tears for the suffering which he must undergo, and vain regrets that he had been thus exposed to peril.

The mother, entirely engrossed with the sad remembrance that she had left her darling in the charge of one in whom she had not full confidence, dwelt not on her husband's fault, and indeed, though not of him as the procuring cause of the sad disaster; but his own conscience whispered that he was the guilty one, and bitter reflections filled his mind as he listened to the cries of the little sufferer.

But weeks and months passed on, and Willie had regained his usual health, and the accident was numbered among the things gone by. Still its consequences were seen and felt, though few knew the change which it had wrought. There was a wonderful alteration in Markham's appearance. His countenance had entirely lost that care-worn expression which it had so long worn. Cheerfully he went to his daily business, and cheerfully he returned to the dear ones at home.

His wife, too, seemed to have recovered the gay spirits of her girlish days, and with bright smiles welcomed him coming.

"It is a mystery to me what has happened to the Markhams," remarked the friend whom we introduced at the commencement of our story. "I never saw people so changed for the better. Some lucky speculation, I suppose, but it is strange that Philip has not mentioned it to me. He is not generally so reserved."

The mystery was solved a few evenings after, when the friends again accidentally met at the very grocery store where the conspicuous notice that all purchases must pay cash, had at one time excited his indignation.

The offensive words still retained their position, but Markham was evidently purchasing to a considerable amount, when his old friend laid a hand upon his shoulder.

"Are you here, Philip Markham? I thought you made it a rule never to pay cash where it was possible to avoid it."

"That was in old times," was the smiling reply. "My present rule is to pay as I go. My old debts are all settled, and I will not willingly incur any new ones. Experience is a stern teacher, and I have had some hard lessons on this subject; but they were needful, and I do not regret them. I am now quite ready to adopt your good old motto—'Out of debt, out of danger.'"

The World's Fair.

The building is now so far advanced that the Directors entertain no doubt of being able to open the Exhibition, if not on the very first of May, at all events on an early day in that month. They are fully aware of the importance of opening during the progress of the Anniversaries in our City, and are pressing the work with the utmost energy and resolution. Like its forerunner in London, the Exhibition will probably open before the preparations are completed.

That the Exhibition will be magnificent, there is no longer any doubt. The present activity and thrift of our Manufacturers ensure this. Many an establishment which would have felt unable to spend \$500 for fixtures, getting up articles, &c., a year ago, will now spend thousands if necessary without grudging. Undoubtedly, this will exceed, not only in extent but in perfection also, any previous Exhibition of American Inventions and Fabrics, while the show of choice Foreign Products will be entirely without parallel in this country. Already far more space than the Directors have at command has been applied for, and many who wish to exhibit beautiful or valuable products must necessarily be denied. Mistakes will doubtless be made in according room; but we believe those to whom is confided the responsible duty of conceding, limiting, or refusing space for Exhibition, will exercise an enlightened and impartial judgment.

The show of Ores and Minerals in the British Department was the most instructive and (to us) one of the most interesting features of the London Exhibition. Why should not our fellow-citizens and others interested in American Mines and Minerals hold an early meeting and prepare for a similar exhibition here! Scattered here and there, mineral specimens, however curious or beautiful, will not amount to much; but a collection and classification of all attainable Ores—Native Mineral and fused Metals would be of great value and could not fail to draw hither thousands on purpose to study them. Why wander for months over our mountains and through our untrodden wilderness in quest of Minerals, if specimens of each are displayed under one roof in our City! Gentlemen interested in Iron, Gold, Silver, Copper or lead Mines and diggings, will you draw together and consider this question.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The Good-Natured Bachelor.

Is jolly, sleek, and roly-poly. Lifts all the little school girls over the mud puddles and kisses them when he lands them on the other side. Admires little babies, without regard to the shape of their noses, and the strength of their lungs. Squeezes himself into an infinitesimal fragment in the corner of an omnibus to make room for that troublesome individual one—More! Vacates his seat any number of times at a crowded lecture for distressed single ladies. Orders stupid cab-drivers off the only dry crossing to save a pretty pair of feet from immersion and don't forget to look the other way when their owner gathers up the skirts of her dress to trip across. Is just as civil to a shop-girl as if she were a Duchess, pays regularly for his newspaper, lends his umbrella and goes home with a wet beaver; has a clear conscience, a good digestion and believes the women to be all angels with their wings folded up. Here's hoping matrimony may never undeceive him.

FANNY FERN.

THE DOCTOR AND THE SEXTON.—A good story is told of a doctor in Beverly, who was somewhat of a wag. He met, one day in the street, the sexton, with whom he was acquainted. As the usual salutations were passed, the doctor happened to cough.

"Why, Doctor," said the Sexton, "you have got a cold! How long have you had that?"

"Look here Mr.—," said the doctor, with a show of indignation, "what is your charge for interments?"

"Nine shillings," was the reply.

"Well," continued the doctor, "come into my office, and I will pay it. I don't want to have you round so anxious about my health."

The sexton was soon even with him, however, turning to the doctor, he replied.

"Ah doctor, I cannot afford to bury you yet. As business has never been so good, as it has been since you began to practice!"

Since the above conversation, neither party ventured to joke at the expense of the other.—*Lynn News.*

Beautiful it is to see and understand that no worth known or unknown, can die, even in this earth. The work an unknown good man has done, is like a vein of water flowing hidden under ground, secretly making the ground green; it flows and flows, it joins itself with other veins and rivulets; one day it will start forth as a visible perennial well.—*Carlyle.*

A Surgeon writes from the Gold Fields to say that he has now quite discarded the lancet; and opens the veins with a pick-axe.

A Touching Story.

The following story is related by Lieut. Parsons, in his *Nelsonian Reminiscences*. Richard Bannet, when mortally wounded in one of Nelson's battles had requested that a miniature and a lock of his hair should be given by Lieut. Parsons to his sweetheart, Susett, in Scotland. The gallant Lieutenant thus describes the interview:—

"It was at the close of the day, when a bright July sun was on the point of setting, that I arrived at the pretty cottage of Susett's mother. I tremulously stated who I was, to the most respectable looking matron I ever saw, of French extraction. In broken, bitter accents of heartfelt grief, she told me her daughter's death was daily expected, and requested time to prepare her to see me.

"At last she expressed a wish to see the friend of Richard Bannet; and I was admitted to the fairest daughter of Eve. And I found this world unequal to her charms. She was propped up with pillows near the open lattice of her bedroom that was clustered with roses. Her white dress and the drapery of the room accorded with the angelic vision who now turned her lustrous eyes upon me, veiled in long fringed eyelids. She held out her transparent hand, and gently pressed mine, as I stooped to kiss it; and, as she felt my tears drop on it softly murmured, 'I wish I could cry; that would relieve my poor heart.' She gasped for breath, and respired with difficulty. 'The lock of hair—quickly let me see it! She caught it wildly pressed it to her lips and heart, and felt back. Her mother and I thought she had fainted; but the pure and innocent soul had returned to God—God who gave it."

Will you take a Sheep?

A valuable friend and an old farmer, about the time that the temperance reform was beginning to exert a healthful influence in the country, said to his newly hired man:

"Jonathan, I did not think to mention to you when I hired you, that I think of trying to do my work this year without rum. How much more must I give you to do without?"

"Oh," said Jonathan, "I don't care much about it, you may give me what you please."

"Well," said the farmer, "I will give you a sheep in the fall if you will do without."

"Agreed," said Jonathan.

The oldest son then said—

"Father, will you give me a sheep, if I will do without rum?"

"Yes, Marshall you shall have a sheep, if you will do without."

The youngest son, a stripling, then said—

"Father, will you give me a sheep if I will do without?"

"Yes, Chandler, you shall have a sheep, also; if you will do without rum."